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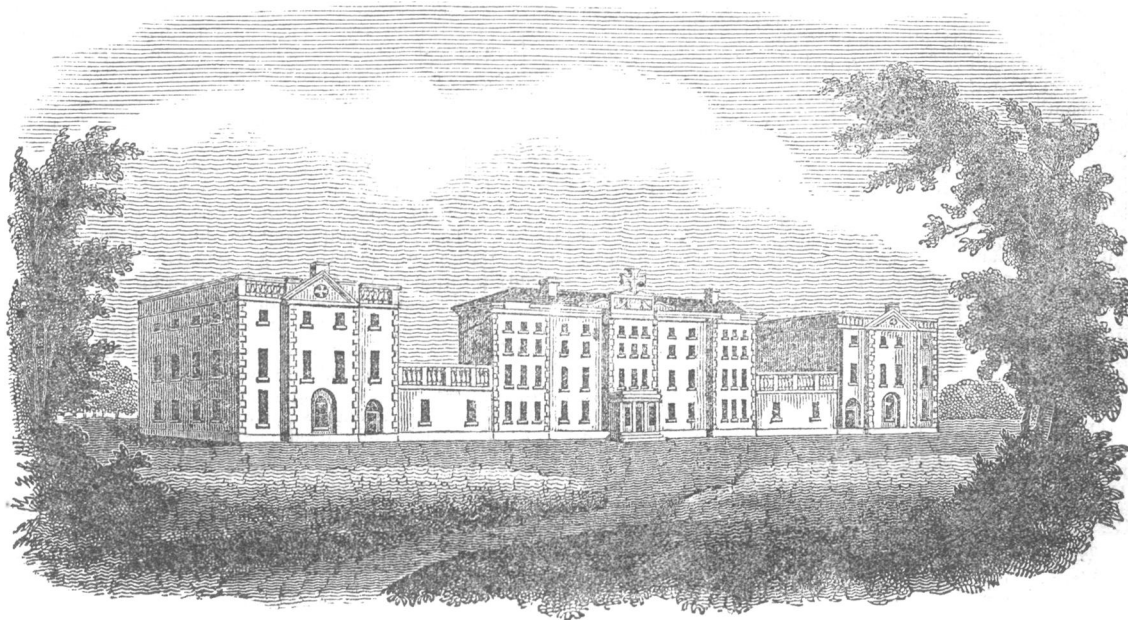
THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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P. D. HARDY, 3, CECILIA-STREET.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1832.



Carlow College.

CARLOW COLLEGE.

In an early number we stated our intention of giving some account of the various institutions of Ireland; and as a proof of it presented a view of Clongowes, and promised a sketch, which circumstances have as yet prevented from being fulfilled. In our future numbers we intend to give views and descriptions of the Protestant and Catholic foundations for the purposes of education, as one of our great objects is to call the attention of the public to whatever has for its specific purpose the tutoring of the human mind, and whatever is calculated to raise the moral and intellectual character of our country.

Carlow College was founded by the late Rev. Dr. Keefe, and was originally intended for the education of youth; it was opened in the year 1793 under the direction of the late Dean Staunton; and in addition to its primary object, it combines with it the education of the Roman Catholic clergy.

The College is situated in the centre of the town of Carlow, but is secluded from all bustle and noise, by high walls, which completely surround it. The College Park is spacious and delightful, well planted, and, as all College parks should, gives space for healthy recreation or calm retirement.

The building itself has been greatly improved and enlarged, and the halls, apartments for study, dormitories, &c. have been laid out on an extensive scale, and are arranged with a view to the accommodation of one hundred pupils. The system of education comprises the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French and English languages; sacred and profane history; rhetoric; geography; arithmetic; book-keeping; and mathematics. A society of clergymen, who are members of the house, devote themselves to the various literary departments, and we have no hesitation in stating that their duties are discharged with ability and zeal.

Carlow College has attained some celebrity from its connection with the name of *Dr. Doyle*; but as the plan of our Journal excludes politics and polemics, we can only say that all parties admit *Dr. Doyle* to be a man of no ordinary mental powers.

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—The prevailing propensity to see oneself in print, urges me to present the following lucubrations and observations, the result of some recent wanderings towards the west, in the hope that through you they may reach your readers. Doubtless it requires no small confidence to expect that the journey of a day or two on a coach or jaunting car, along what is considered one of the flattest and least interesting lines of road in Ireland, would enable me to purvey readable matter for a fastidious and well-supplied public—but strong in my Milesian assurance, and fortified with the *brass* of an O'Toole, (by the way, my ancestors possessed the Cronebawn copper mine,) I will try my hand, and make a trial.

Blessings on the morning, when escaping out of Dublin through that awfully disgusting purlieu—Barrack street—we met the cool western breeze, as it swept along the Liffey, and advanced to salute the rising sun. Our road ran parallel to the river, and as we drove through its alluvial valley, and passed Chapelizod, once the retreat of La Belle Izod, where stood her bower and her chapel, and which was once the country residence of Ireland's Viceroy, I could not, laughing philosopher though I may be, suppress a sigh, to see the old house so grievously modernized and deformed, where, it is said, King James slept after the battle of the Boyne. He must have used a pillow stuffed with *hops*, if he slept *soundly* on the night after that memorable day. Here is also a huge, disarranged, flax spinning manufactory, and large bleaching greens, ugly to the eye, offensive to the nose, redolent of muriatic gas, and other bleaching stuffs. I do not like those immense factories, where the youth of both sexes are crowded for twelve or fourteen hours on spinning lofts, and where the moral *malaria* is almost as pestilential as the physical. Commend me to the old flax-spinning system of Ireland, where the lass sat by her father's fire-side, urging her busy wheel, and modulating its monotonous hum by the soft sweet tones of our Irish melodies. Alas, it matters not to my mind that yonder